

# Before The Deluge

## Apostates

Some of them were dreamers and some of them were fools  
Who were making plans and thinking of the future  
With the energy of the innocent, they were gathering the tools  
They would need to make their journey, back to nature  
While the sand slipped through the opening  
And their hands reached for the golden ring  
With their hearts they turned to each other's hearts for refuge  
In the troubled years that came before the deluge  
Some of them knew pleasure and some of them knew pain  
And for some of them it was only the moment that mattered  
And on the brave and crazy wings of youth  
They went flyin' around in the rain  
And their feathers, once so fine, grew torn and tattered  
And in the end, they traded their tired wings  
For the resignation that living brings  
And exchanged love's bright and fragile glow  
For the glitter and the rouge  
And in a moment they were swept before the deluge  
Now let the music keep our spirits high  
And let the buildings keep our children dry  
Let creation reveal its secrets by and by, by and by  
When the light that's lost within us, reaches the sky  
Some of them were angry at the way the earth was abused  
By the men who learned how to forge her beauty into power  
And they struggled to protect her from them, only to be confused  
By the magnitude of the fury in the final hour  
And when the sand was gone and the time arrived  
In the naked dawn, only a few survived  
And in attempts to understand a thing so simple and so huge  
Believed that they were meant to live, after the deluge  
Now let the music keep our spirits high  
And let the buildings keep our children dry  
Let creation reveal its secrets by and by, by and by  
When the light that's lost within us, reaches the sky

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